

*Prince.* Faith, tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffs* sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blush to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Livers, and cold purfes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly raken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is 't agoe, *lacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welsh hook; what a plague call you him?

*Poy.* O *Glendower*!

*Fal.* Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of *Scotches*, *Douglas*, that runs a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath good metall in his runne.

*Prince.* Why; what a rascall art thou then, to prunning?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yea Cuckee) but on foot budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *lacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: well, hee is there *Mordake*, and a thousand blue Caps more. *Wor* away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white w you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Ma

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, buffeting hold, wee shall buy Mayden-heads as th nayles, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse, Lad, thou saist true, it is like v good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, Art not th feard? thou being Heire apparent, could the wor out three such Enemies againe, as that fiend *Doug Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not hor doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit yfaith: I lacke some of thy inst

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt bee horribly chidde to m thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue mee answere.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my Father, and exan the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chaire shall be my St ger my Scepter, and this Cushin my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ioynd stooile, thy ter for a leden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crov tiffull bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Grace bee not quit now shalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of S mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought For I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in K veine.